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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 23, 1899. NUMBER 13.

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO

By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. Price, $1.50

MR. WASHINGTON has summed up in this volume his opinions on the problem of the best usefulness of the Negro in this country, particularly, of course, in the Southern States. The whole subject is presented with such sympathy, such breadth of vision, such fairness and candor, and yet with so much point and forcefulness, as will increase even Mr. Washington's great reputation. The first chapters deal with the proper and most practical education of the Negro, illustrated by a much fuller exposition of the principles on which education at Tuskegee, and similar institutions, is based, than has elsewhere appeared. The chapters which follow take up the question of the Negro in politics; the subject of lynching; the weakness and strength of the Negro, and the Negro's place in American civilization. Not the least admirable quality of this admirable book is the essential hopefulness of Mr. Washington's outlook. It is distinctly a volume which no one, interested in the right solution of the greatest and most vital of American problems, can afford to leave unread.

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By HERVEY WHITE. Price, $1.50.

THERE has not been for years so remarkable a story of the relations between the rich and the poor, or ever, perhaps, so genuine and forceful a study of life in the Middle West. The critic of the Boston "Transcript," Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, says of it:—

"It resembles strongly the work of the best Russian novelists, . . . and yet it is in no sense an imitation of those writers; it is apparently like them merely because the author's motive and ways of thought and observation are like them. There is the same solemnity of treatment, the same long-sustained loading of apparently trivial details with weighty significance. At the beginning the story seems to move, not heavily, perhaps, but ponderously. It increases in interest and significance, and by and by marches strongly and superbly to its conclusion. I have never before read any such treatment in the English language of the life and thought of laboring people. 'Jude the Obscure' comes nearest to it, perhaps; but Jude, after all, was the spirit of a gentleman in the body of a peasant. Mr. White's John Wade is the real thing. . . . I have not read a book of so much significance as 'Differences' for a long time. It seems as clear as day that, if Mr. White continues to build honestly on this foundation, he will make for himself a great name in American literature."

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

A Mid-Continent Congress of Religion,

(OUTLINE PROGRAM SUBJECT TO REVISION)

TO BE HELD AT SINAI TEMPLE, CHICAGO, DECEMBER 12-14, 1899.

TUESDAY, December 12.

OPENING SERVICE.

8 P. M. Address of Welcome by a lay representative of Sinai Congregation.

Response by the president, Rev. H. W. Thomas, Pastor People's Church.

Sermon by .....

WEDNESDAY, December 13.

Morning

THE DEMAND OF THE TIMES.

10 A. M. Paper: THE DEMANDS OF THE TIMES UPON THE TEACHER OF THEOLOGY, by .....

10:30 A. M. THE ETHICAL DEMANDS OF THE TIMES (topic to be further stated), by Jane Addams of the Hull House.

10:50 A. M. THE DEMAND OF SOCIOLOGY THAT THEOLOGY BE ETHICIZED, by Rev. Graham Taylor, D. D., of the Congregationalist Theological Seminary and Warden of the Chicago Commons—Social Settlement.

11:30 A. M. TO 12:30 P. M. Discussion of previous papers.

Afternoon.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE ELEMENTS IN MODERN THOUGHT.

2 P. M. Paper: SPIRITUAL GAINS OF THE NEW THEOLOGY, by Rev. Granville Ross Pike (Presbyterian).

2:30 P. M. VITALIZING INFLUENCES OF THE NEW THEOLOGY UPON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF SCOTLAND, by Rev. David Beaton (Congregationalist).

2:50 P. M. HOW MAY RELIGIOUS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE NEW THEOLOGY BE HASTENED, by J. G. Halsey, Professor of Political Economy and Dean of Lake Forest University.

2:30 TO 4:30 P. M. Discussion.

Evening.

A SEARCH FOR THE COMMON DENOMINATOR.

8 P. M. An open Court, Dr. Hirsch, presiding.

Ten minute presentation of the fundamental holdings of Baptist, Congregationalist, Independent, Methodist, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Universalist, Catholic, etc.

THURSDAY, December 14.

Morning.

PRACTICAL MEANS OF ADVANCING THE KINGDOM OF RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LOVE.

10 A. M. A conference of Ministers, general discussion, no papers. Final adjournment 12:30 P. M.

A cordial invitation is extended to all interested of whatever name or locality.
Correspondence concerning the above meeting solicited by

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secy., 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

Are You Thinking of Christmas?

Do the following notices of "Jess, Bits of Wayside Gospel," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, suggest anything in this direction.

Charming sound and beautiful wayside Gospel.—David Starr Jordan.

Drawn from the heart of nature, leading to the peace of God.—Intelligence, Seattle, Wash.

American Literature has hardly the equal of "The Religion of the Bird's Best."—E. P. Powell.

It is well that Jess died. She becomes a spirit pleading for the slights put upon our dumb companions.—Edith Keeley Stokely.

This is almost more than a good book; it is an inspiring book. It does not preach; it allures the reader without his knowing it, to high moral levels.—Chicago Tribune.

Broad, liberal, loving, true; addressed to Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, the rich and the poor, the humble and the simple. It is a book that should be in the hand of old and young—to comfort the one as he walks through the valley of death, to help the other as he lifts his young eyes to the hills, whence cometh help.—The Buffalo Commercial.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1899. NUMBER 3

Announcement.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the outlined program of a local Congress, to be held in Sinai Temple, December 12-14. The Liberal Congress had its birth in this building and Doctor Hirsch and his congregation have been an indispensable factor in its development this far. This mid-continent Congress is one of the local meetings, after which we trust many other localities will pattern, the primary object of which will be to quicken the life and broaden the sympathies of the locality and individuals most concerned. The secondary object will be to prepare the way for and give potency to the national movement which will hold its next meeting at Boston in April.

The Boston "Evening Transcript" has found some church that has opened a "dead-wood book," in which are enrolled the names of those who belong but never come. A Brooklyn church yields seventy-one members who have not been in church for a year. This is a timely suggestion. Let all the churches compile their "Dead-wood Book."

The Chicago public school army numbered in October 217,127. This is the army that is fighting the battle of the nations without guns. If they are wisely marshalled they will see to it that there will be less money invested in cannon and more in books by the next generation than this, and that the next century will save the money now invested in warships for the purpose of founding universities.

In Decker, Ind., there is a hoop company employing a large number of men, that has taken two steps unique in the labor world: 1. The company refuses to employ any man who drinks or visits saloons. 2. They have raised the wages of their employes twenty-five cents per day. And the managers say that they are making money by the advance of wages. Let others go and do likewise.

The Unitarian, Rev. S. Fletcher Williams of England, joined with native Hindu in celebrating the sixty-sixth anniversary of the death of Ram Mohun Roy, the great theistic reformer of the Hindu faith. The "London Enquirer" well says: "His work is far from being done. His was the sowing of the seed, the harvest of which is far from being reaped. It was the beginning of a movement, the maturity of which is yet far ahead."

Lyman Abbott, in the "Outlook," personally "absolutely disowns the doctrine of eternal punishment" and claims that it is "an extinct doctrine, even among more conservative pulpits." Our Universalist friends are much exercised over this declaration. They think that if it is so, Mr. Abbott and all his associate disbelievers in eternal damnation ought to join the Universalist church; if it is not so, Mr. Abbott ought not in this way to devitalize their work and their message by stealing their thunder.

In adjusting itself to its new quarters the Unity Publishing Company finds itself in possession of a considerable quantity of back numbers of UNITY of various dates, in good condition. For want of storage room, the numbers must be disposed of either by fire or by distribution. The company will be glad to send free of charge any number asked for by any subscriber or postoffice mission workers. Send postal card with address, stating number wanted, to the publishers of this paper.

Although the Parliament of Religions as first conceived in Paris has been abandoned on account of the opposition presented to the same by the Catholic officials, there will still be a Congress devoted to the study of the history of religions. This is where the work must begin, perhaps where it is most necessary to begin. When the scholars begin to confer together the people will lose their anxieties, forget their prejudices and begin to look over the fences, and then they will find to their surprise that the same grasses, flowers, trees, grow in other gardens as those they cherish at home.

Many of our readers will rejoice in the complimentary notice given in the "Outlook" of November 11 to George H. Shibley, now in New York, founder and director of the Bureau of Economic Research. Mr. Shibley is a member of All Souls Church, Chicago, one of the generous supporters of UNITY, a director of the Unity Publishing Company, a young man who combines in an exceptional degree the power of making money successfully and honorably with the power of spending that same money wisely. There are plenty of men in this world who can make money, perhaps as many who could wisely spend it, but the number of people who can combine these qualities, putting the wise money-maker and the generous money-user in one pair of shoes are very few. This our friend and associate George Shibley does.

We are glad to learn through our London exchanges that the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke is again in the pulpit. On a recent "Citizen Sunday" Mr. Brooke spoke on "The Two Kingdoms." He deprecated the locating of the "Kingdom of Heaven" beyond the death line; he made it "the kingdom of the soul, of justice, of love one to another, of a contempt of selfish aims." To this kingdom he said men cannot belong while they are starving and homeless or dwelling in filthy dwellings. Men should have enough to live justly, wisely, happily. At the present time one-half the human race falls short of this sufficiency, while sometimes ten men

have the property of ten thousand. We have quoted enough to show that the themes of living preachers are very much the same everywhere in these days. Preachers may not realize it, but the pews are understanding that the preacher who touches daintily the social, ethical and civic problems of the community is the preacher without a mission and for whom there is not much demand.

The Unitarian club of Boston, at a recent meeting, suggested that Rev. Edward Everett Hale be sent out as a missionary for Unitarianism, saying that "Dr. Hale would be listened to where younger men would fail of a hearing." But these laymen apparently forget that Dr. Hale would be listened to, not on account of his Unitarianism, but on account of his humanitarianism; he would be welcomed not as a representative of a sect, but as a representative of the nation, the voice of culture, the advocate of reform, the apostle of the humanities, upon which Unitarianism has no exclusive claim, in the propagation of which it can only deserve a share of the credit. Let Mr. Hale be heard, so that the fanciful barriers, not only between the so-called liberal sects, but those supposed to exist between orthodoxy and liberalism, may vanish. Spite of anything that can be done in the way of a denominational propaganda the best inspirations of the day make for unity and away from sectarian pride and denominational zeal. Edward Everett Hale, in the "Ten Times One is Ten," long ago anticipated Charles M. Sheldon in his "Miracle of Markham."

The death of Major John A. Logan, who fell at the head of his troop in the Island of Luzon, stirs the nation with heroic memories. There are thousands still living of those who followed the father and who watched with bated breath the valor of him who seemed to lead a charmed life as he recklessly exposed himself at the head of his column and on the charging line, in 1862-1865. But there is a painful contrast as well as a pleasing comparison between the services of the son and the father. The father led those who were giving their lives that the black man might be free and that the flag should wave over no slave. The son heroically gave his life to coerce the brown man to submit to a government he has not elected and to yield to a rule of those whose language he cannot understand, whose country he has never seen and whose banners are alien to him. We yield to no one in our sympathy for the heart-stricken wife and mother of John A. Logan, but it will not do to forget the mothers who cannot send for the President of the United States in the hour of their affliction, and who do not rest consciously in the wide sympathies of a great nation. The privates that fell in the same charge had blood as red as that of John Logan, they had drawn milk from breasts as tender as he and they leave hearts as desolate. It is noble to die for great causes. It is sad to misdirect noble enthusiasm in such a way that bitterness is left at both ends of the line.

In the resignation of Prof. Herron from the professorship of the Iowa College, there is found a favorable solution of a vexed question both to trustees, faculty and professor—a solution that reflects credit all round. The letter of Dr. Herron is a courteous and manly one. The patience and courage of the administration in holding out against the clamor from many quarters is commendable. But the fact that public sentiment is so sensitive to the discussion of sociological questions, that there is so much anxiety felt on the part of wealthy men and the exploiters of wealth is a fact to be deplored. Of the sincerity of Dr. Herron there is no question; his ability, in his special field, is testified to by the eagerness with which he is listened to. Granting these, the assumed unsoundness of his conclusions might well be turned into an argument in favor of his retention and of more extended study in this direction, rather than an abandonment of this study. Different schools in physics, astronomy and geology are encouraged in university circles. The laboring man, the poet and the astronomer may be severely criticised in the classroom, only so it be within the bounds of courtesy; but this cannot be permitted with safety in the classroom when wealth and the wealth-maker are under question. In short, the only sensitive grounds which the professor is now called to walk upon are the theological and sociological fields. Many people who do not even care about theological heresy are very sensitive about sociological heresies. Are not our schools hastening to the position where the only heresy, even in this field, will be the heresy of insincerity and the only bad teaching will be stupid teaching? Teachers that breed stolidity and indifference should be alone dreaded by college trustees and professors.

Perhaps many of our readers will commend to us the wisdom of our London exchange, "The Enquirer." In its issue of November 4 the editor says, in his leading note: "The burden of the war in South Africa lies heavily upon us. The discussion of the failure of statesmanship, which preceded the war, and the aggravated misunderstanding and suspicion until the path of peace was irrevocably closed, is fruitless now, and it seems to us for the present better to bear the humiliation of this conflict in silence." This is practically the conclusion of many of the citizens of the United States in regard to the lamentable breach of peace and violation of the republican principle that "all just governments derive their authority from the consent of the governed," now going on in the Philippine archipelago under the banners of the United States. But in the face of so much silence we think it necessary for some one to speak out and have determined to utter our protest in all love and sorrow. The United States has a more flexible administration than Great Britain. The ballot box is nearer the executive chair and so in the name of religion, in the interest of our boasted Christianity and the principles our flag stands for, we shall continue to avow our conviction, to confess our humiliation and to work for the creation of that slow-forming public sentiment that some day will reach the ballot box, the Congress and the Presidency. Meanwhile our heart goes out to the English homes which are draped in sadness. Telegraphic dispatches tell us that the "iron of war has entered deeply into the happiness of the people." The

long list of ladies and lords whose titles have not saved them from the devastations of war should suggest over there the lesson pointed to in another note by our own experience here, viz., that the privates that fall in the ranks may weigh as much in the balances of God and occupy as large a place in mothers' hearts as the gallant young gentlemen who wear epaulets and carry the sword instead of the musket.

"The Plunder of the Earth."

The papers tell us that a civil engineer, who is also a geologist, has come upon what appears to be the richest copper deposits the world has ever known, cropping out in a hitherto inaccessible section of the Grand Canon of Colorado. His geological knowledge led him hither and his companions found the deposits just where his scientific deduction indicated.

Geologists all over the country are now taking special interest in the study of diamonds, the Geological Commission of Canada taking special steps to follow up the hint given by the discovery of several stray diamonds in Wisconsin, found in the deposits of the glaciers. The inference is that if these diamonds can be traced back to the point from which they started on their icy sled there may be found another Kimberley, i. e., a bed wherein the diamond was formed, the brilliant discovered in its native nest in the mouth of some extinct crater, where by terrible heat and immeasurable pressure carbon was converted into diamond.

This alleged discovery of the copper beds and the possible discovery of more diamond mines of surpassing resource raises the question anew—who should own the diamonds and the copper thus found? The right of discovery on the part of any individual is reduced to its minimum, for science is impersonal and its achievements belong to no one individual.

The stupid child that in 1867 carried to the awkward Boer the pretty stone that was sent to the Cape and forwarded to the Paris exposition, where it was sold for twenty-five hundred dollars, led to the flocking of the adventurers and the manipulation by the skillful of the incalculable wealth found in the South African diamond fields—fields that have enriched a few and impoverished many. And which are indirectly the cause of invading the homes and disturbing the rights of those who thought they owned the land, the kinsmen of the Dutch child. The child did not make the diamond; the invading adventurer did not find it. The right of the owner of the land to it would seem to be a slight one, but if right there is it would seem to belong to that of the Boer farmer from whom no cheap surface price of acres could deprive him.

Mr. Wallace, in his "Wonderful Century," counts as one of the great crimes of this century what he calls "the plunder of the earth," the high-handed way in which the individual has appropriated the resources of the earth. The bounty of nature to the loss of humanity. If this plunder is to go on humanity can better afford to be plundered of its rights to diamonds than to the carbon in the more valuable form of coal.

What about the measureless beds of coal, lead, iron, tin and gold, not made by man, but which individual men or corporations of men have accidentally stumbled upon and without adequate consideration have appropriated it all to their own advantage, thus setting themselves up as dispensers of that bounty of the universe formulated by the eternal, slowly matured through æons of time that suggest eternity?

Call these questions what we please; place them into our political economies, as we like, only so that we remember that here is one of the fundamental economic questions of to-day. To-morrow it will be a moral question, and the day after to-morrow it will be a religious question. The dispensable diamond may well typify the indispensable coal, petroleum, gold, silver, the measureless forests, the burden-bearing rivers, aye, the ground upon which men walk, the water they drink, and the sky that o'erhangs them. For whom were these created? By whose hand were they bequeathed to man and from whence comes the adequate title to hold them for personal ends and selfish display, regardless of the vested rights in them held by all men, by any man, every man? These were put into this world by the same hand as that which planted the fern forests of the Carboniferous Age, fused the precious stones in volcanic retorts and caused the awful flux that filled the crannies of the mountains with volcanic gold, silver, lead and copper, and probably iron. Granting to those individuals that "grabbed" them the passed treasures of earth, who is to own what is left?

Nature's Rest Hour.

I sit in my balcony window, where the lawns roll smoothly down before me into a broad valley, and across the valley twin hills rise easily to face mine, their arms full of villages and farmhouses. Groves of every shape and size reach along the knolls and swales, or flank the farms or edge the creek. In the far distance is the market city, out of whose chimneys smoke rises lazily and drops shiftlessly. Smoke is the one thing man has not yet learned what to do with. Whatever may be the racket and rout of the city, the valleys and hills and lawns and trees are not thinking of work, but of rest. Half the leaves have already fallen, and a carpet of yellow and brown, with red figures, covers the grass. The driveways are dotted with curled leaves and more are showering down. It is useless to sweep them up—the tired trees are determined to shift all responsibility for these trivial bits from the year's loom. All over my house the vines hang with grapes, and the birds sit quietly eating them. There are a dozen huge leaves still on the magnolia Acuminata, swinging in the light breezes, and I am wondering which will be the last of all of them to fall. The persimmon tree, freed of leaves, is full of golden balls—a sight one might go far to look at. One great elm stands exactly between me and the sun, but there is not one leaf or leaflet on its limbs. It says plainly: "I am through with my work; carry an umbrella or stay in the house if you don't like the sun. As for me, I shall get all the sunshine I can until next spring." An English elm and an English oak have brought over English habits, and hold their leaves two weeks longer than genuine Yankee trees, not knowing better. Hardy, broad-bottomed, stolid, they defy the wind. A few of the shrubs are of the same sort. It will take another hundred years for them to find out that American trees don't work after October first. An apple tree is a thing by itself—the most beautiful thing in the world. In May it is a mound of pink; in autumn of crimson or gold. A Corean would worship it. I am

fain to worship the soul that is in it. Nowhere is the All Soul more manifest than in the orchard. My Spitzenbergs are bending to the ground with the weight of the year's toil. I think the Man with the Hoe is everywhere. "My father worketh hitherto, and I work." But never mind, my apple trees have come to their rest hour. The leaves are falling and I hear the hollow sound of barrels, where the men are rapping on the hoops or knocking out the heads. They will soon be full of the noblest fruit on earth—the panacea for carniverous greed. One tree, planted in 1791, is as full of history as it is of apples, and I am almost afraid to write my notes under its critical eye. The only pear that still stands rich in purpled crimson is the Buffam—a glory of color. The superb swamp maples have only a hint left of what they were when they stood great balls of fire, but there are a few flaming leaves still clinging to the limbs. On the shrubbery lawn the Quaker lilacs will not doff their covering, but the cranberry bush and the barberry do not need to care for leaves, as their brilliant berries now cover their limbs with glory. All winter they will be our delight; until the pine grosbeaks come to take their dinners in the snowstorms. The Judas trees is just half golden leaves and half brown seed pods.

The sun is infected with the spirit of the landscape. It rises slowly and for an hour has no heat. There is nothing for it to do. The year's weaving is finished. At noon it infects no one with hurry, and does not stir the bulbs and roots that are napping under the leaves and soil. The cattle in the pastures do not hide from it, and the flies cover the sunny side of the barn to get enough heat. The birds are mostly gone, but flocks of birds of passage fly over every day and occasionally drop down upon the mountain ash trees to breakfast. They eat, and they laugh, and they chatter, and gossip, and waste every berry that they drop. Belated robins, left by the flocks, shout down the swale or out of the hemlocks. Some of them will never have snap enough to migrate. They will winter as they can in the bushes hereabouts. Perhaps they have not good wings, or good lungs. But you must not think that all birds are alike enterprising and intelligent. There are fools in all families. Scarlet and gold are most beautiful in September; but now brown, nut brown, beech brown is the one color of all most harmonious. It suggests peace and sweetness. Of all delights give me to kick through the heaps of brown beech leaves, smell the beech odor and hear the shouting boys as they gather the nuts. There is no October without beech trees.

It is a rich world. Only a sick person or an unshifty one can go hungry. Apples, pears, grapes, nuts, hang all about us, and the wagons that rattle across the valley roads are full of corn and potatoes. The one thing we want is more industrial education and less classical. Books were intended to lead minds to nature; they have become an end in themselves. We must learn how to get the most out of the world, and that will be enough for both body and mind. Just now our minds are overfed and our bodies underfed. Right education will correct that—the brawling of agitators will not do it. Right education will teach us how to live, how to work, and how to rest—as nature does.

E. P. POWELL.

The drowning of a young man, while being initiated into a Cornell secret society, is not a novelty, but is none the less a horrible outrage. Ten thousand coroners and coroners' juries cannot exonerate these young scamps from the charge of murder. Societies that indulge in this sort of business should be suppressed, if it shuts up every university in the United States. The fact is, our colleges are overloaded with a lot of irresponsible secret associations, over which the faculties have no control.

E. P. P.

Good Poetry.

Canada.

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,
With unanointed brow,—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!

How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame,—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
The place of race and age.

I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the Maple-Wreath;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
Its blood-red folds beneath;

Thy swift keels cleave the furthest seas;
Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze
The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

O Falterer, let thy past convince
Thy future,—all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain.

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy storied citadel,
Attests in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell!

O Thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenston, and at Lundy's Lane,—
On whose scant ranks but iron front
The battle broke in vain!—

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,
Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

On soft Pacific slopes,— beside
Strange floods that northward rave and fall,—
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide—
Thy sons await thy call.

They await; but some in exile, some
With strangers housed, in stranger lands;—
And some Canadian lips are dumb
Beneath Egyptian sands.

O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
And murmur of Canadian streams.

But thou, my Country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun!

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

It is a surprise and perhaps a disappointment that the fusion of the new book house of Doubleday & McClure with the old book house of the Harpers has fallen through. Perhaps it is better so. The new house may have more of an opportunity to utilize the young blood and to express its fresh ideals. They promise soon a souvenir study of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Terry, by Pamela Colman Smith; a translation of Hauptmann's poem drama, "The Sunken Bell;" a new edition of Markham's "The Man With a Hoe," with an introductory note by the author. And they claim that they have demonstrated that the old proverb, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country," is breaking down in these new days. for the Indianapolis book stores in one day re-ordered four hundred and fifty copies of Booth Tarkington's story, "The Gentleman from Indiana." Evidently the Hoosiers are interested in this Hoosier author at the capital city.

The Pulpit.

Monopolies and Trusts.

A Discourse to the Unitarian Church at Austin, Texas, by E. M. Wheelock, Minister.

"Ye can discern the face of the sky, can ye not discern the signs of the times?" Matt., xvi:3.

The worst, most obvious, most hopeless characteristic of the closing days of our cycle is the stupendous accumulation of private fortunes in the hands of a few, and the corresponding growth of pauperism, misery, political and industrial slavery on the part of the many. Chicago holds more noxious and greedy millionaires than the whole country contained forty years ago, and the like is true of every one of our chief cities and congested centers. Seeley banquets, Bradley-Martin balls, suicides, infanticides, divorces, murders and despair increase step by step with the widening of the chasm between the rich and the poor. These great modern fortunes are made—not by useful production, but by bribery, class legislation and special privilege. They are born of monopoly and the iniquitous robbery of labor. Millions of toiling workers go every winter with scanty food, clothing and fire, that the proceeds of their ill-paid labor may heap the coffers of the wealthy, speculating idler.

These are grim, heartbreaking facts, but there is also a mighty undercurrent—growing stronger every day—that is pulling the nation as with the silent force of gravitation, the other way. The power so fiercely at work to subjugate and crush, can all be transformed and made to redeem the evil time. The economic conditions which are now the menace of our civilization can become the hope of that civilization, and the forces that are wrecking us can be made to waft the ship of state safely into port. The day is at hand when a pauper will be as impossible as a millionaire. The very spirit of greed is teaching us the wastefulness of blind competition. The lesson of our present national misery is being taught so well that it will never be forgotten or need a repetition. The very selfishness in human nature is teaching us the splendid economy of combination, the wise thrift of co-operation and the financial soundness of the principles which underlie the monopolies and trusts. This lesson is being learned so well that all men will receive it—even the wayfaring man, though a fool.

The trusts are the sure pathway by which the nation is to go safely through the Red Sea of an outworn and ruinous social system. The trusts have come to stay. Be sure of that; they have come to stay. The gigantic combinations of the present and future require them, and the enormous waste of competition is saved, for they mean combination and the union of interests. The movement is the outgrowth of natural conditions and is sure to continue until all industrial activities are brought into a system of co-operation by the whole people, for the benefit of the whole. A trust is an unmixed good—only the whole people must own and operate it.

Any attempt to crush out, control or legislate against this movement by the politicians is hopelessly absurd. If you tax them, they will increase the price of their products and make you pay the tax. If you put in force the Texas law that refuses them the courts to collect their bills, it will not affect them, for they will only sell for cash in advance, and will use this law as their excuse. They will thus get along without the law for the collection of debts, and they will be found doing business as usual at the old stand. Why are we afraid to trust ourselves? The only thing we should fear is not the monopolies, but the fool-killer. The answer to the question, "What is to be done with the trusts?" is "Run them." When the millions of workingmen get their brains out of their stomachs and think, the qusetion will soon be acted upon. True, the producer is now the industrial slave of the capitalist, but he has worked patiently and long to place himself there. He is a self-chosen and willing serf, for he who wears a fetter needs it, and he who bears a blow or a kick deserves it.

Put not your confidence in the pretended opposition to the trusts by politicians—most of whom hold stocks and bonds in them. The monopolies and trusts are here to stay. The day of small business has passed. There is no indication that it is ever going to be otherwise. Society is not going back to its primitive state. More and more perfect machinery is being developed, requiring capital in greater amounts to operate affairs, and the greater the capital the fewer the people who will control it. Competition is dying and monopoly is birthed; as to that you have no choice. You have only the choice whether it shall be public or private monopoly.

He who would destroy the trusts by legislation must first do away with all the great machinery of civilization, and push human society back into the days of the pack-mule, and the forked stick for a plow. Trusts are not bad in themselves. They are the natural outgrowth of the industrial system that has been controlling the world since competitive greed became the motive of business life. Trusts help those who are on the inside. When the whole people stand on the inside, the whole people will receive benefit. Machinery has brought misery and starvation to the many because it is owned by the few; but machinery itself is not a curse; the curse is in private property in machinery. The world trembles, said Emerson, when a thinker is let loose. But fifteen millions of voting mules are beginning to think at last, and the politicians are greatly troubled. They know, but dare not say, that a delegated government is a failure, so the time has come for an epidemic of common sense.

No man should be permitted to own two houses, while another is without one, and labor should own every dollar that it earns. Criminals are here to prevent us from forgetting that all property should be held in common. Each person born into this life is more than a "hand"—he is the son of God. Our government is the simplest on earth—the courts run the whole machine, and the corporations run the courts; but when the people wake there will be a new world, if there is to be any world at all. Small is the difference between political copperheads, silverheads and goldheads; the motto of them all is, "The early bird catches the worm." We are all human, only some are more human than others, and the remedy for the evils of democracy is more democracy.

The great inventions, now used to enslave the masses, bespeak the opening of a new and grand era of progress. Motors of every desirable form, for every conceivable use, will soon be at the command of man, and human drudgery will pass away. The social chaos of to-day is the unrest before birth, and when the whole people see the advantage of universal co-operation the hell of misery which comprises existence now will be wiped out. Men are haunted by two ghosts—poverty in this world and hell in the next. Justice in industry and truth in religion would send both ghosts back to their graves. Robbery, by class legislation and the cunning brain of the money gamblers, has been established so long and so completely that many have come to regard it as the natural and inevitable condition of man, and they despair of ever seeing it ended. It seems to them that the triumph of the money power was never so absolute and immovable as it is to-day, and that the enslavement of the toiler was never so complete. And so it appears on the surface, but seen beneath the surface, in the great undercurrent of human destiny, it looks wholly different. There the foundations of the competitive system are seen to be

rotting and crumbling away and its keystone dislodged.

The beginning of the end of competition appeared with the formation of the first trust—which is capital combining to save itself from competition. This means the competitive system is over with and ended. It means that in order to live, universal co-operation must be established. It means that whether we will or no, the old business selfishness will no longer serve the purpose of mankind and will no longer pay. The coming results have been planned by none; have not been sought or desired by many; but, just the same, they break every link in the chain of the old political economy that was forever to bind labor in servitude to money. The present short-sighted, futile war against the trusts is merely an effort to perpetuate the crumbling system of competition, and will only intensify the poverty and degradation of the people.

While we idly talk about "killing the trusts," why not begin with the Legislative Trust—for all the others stand on this one. Kill the Legislative Trust by giving the people the power to make their own laws, by voting upon each through the initiative and referendum.

There is no substitute for justice. Justice is the first condition of social well-being. When the people want to be prosperous and happy—want it hard enough to work for it and THINK for it, they can have it, and not before. They will take in the situation when they have been ground up long enough and hard enough in the mill of poverty and suffering. In the meantime —well the Lord help us!

I raise no voice against the trusts, but would encourage them to the utmost, until the nation, schooled by experience, forms a trust of the whole people, by the people and for the people, which, once in operation, will endure to the end of time. The worst trust is the best, because in the interest of the common welfare it is guiding the millions to see that if combination can make a few thousand brutal Mark Hannas, it can as easily make seventy millions of producers satisfied, thrifty and comfortable. The prophet of our age reads in clear, unquestioned characters the writing of the economic law on the wall. He reads the decree that by a combination and co-operation which includes all the race in its sheltering arms, is the commonwealth of the world to be formed and realized.

These strange forces are fast making impossible the life of competition. They will do, within the next three years, what reform alone could not accomplish in a century. They stand for the next grand fact in the evolution of society—universal co-operation. Municipal ownership, profit-sharing industries, the government ownership of railroads, banks, mines and all public utilities are parts of a grand whole which will soon find realization in the co-operative commonwealth, which shall include the whole people, with all their conditions, and whose benefits shall be shared by all.

Socialism is treading in the wake of the trusts. Politics, with the moral law squeezed out, is what the government is dealing in. The world owes every man a living—if he can get it. It depends largely on the man. If he is an ordinary voting mule he may find suicide easier than competition, and he will be much happier over there on the evergreen shore, unless he bumps up against a trust in harps and haloes! But if he has financial sharpness, gushing-Rockefeller-piety, and a callous heart, he can keep himself very much alive on this side, driving other men to suicide; and his picture will hang in the chapel of some great university inspiring the youthful students to emulate his shining example! It is the rich who make the poor poorer, and it is the poor who make the rich richer. The millions who have nothing make the money for the millionaire. The benevolent rich will do anything for the working class, except to get off their backs. How can men think highly, nobly, clearly, when the chief object in life is to acquire the wealth which others have produced? While the socialists are demanding public ownership, the millionaires have already put it in practice—they own the public! The men who have created the trusts are swiftly bringing in socialism, for they are making conditions which will force the people into this new phase of life as the only escape from slavery to the resistless financial banditti.

Monopolies are the result of our economic laws and of the development of the age. They cannot be remedied by outlawing them in the courts, or by any penal anti-trust legislation. They can only be controlled by the ownership of all public resources by the whole people, that there may be equality of all men in the gifts of God to the common life of the race. In the popular evolution now going forward, the two great parties, while recognizing the disease, have utterly failed to announce the remedy, nor do they see that economic slavery is a greater evil than the old chattel bondage. "Liberty before property, the man before the dollar," is an old maxim grown obsolete. Mammon, the God of our civilization, compels the many to die undeveloped that the few may live misdeveloped. The worst criminals on our scaffolds were sprouting angels when six months old; our evil social conditions poisoned them. No world in the universe has so much hell in it as this one, where Christians talk about serving God, while doing their best to swindle the Almighty into serving them. The popular religion aims at nothing, and it hits what it aims at—it has not yet learned that Standard Oil does not mix with the waters of Life!

To protect American labor against the cruelty of combine capitalistic greed would never do. It would be paternalism; so infernalism is what we are seeking —and getting. Legislation is powerless when met by concentrated billions. The only cure for private monopoly is public monopoly. Under competition the dollar is always king; the laws will be made and the courts will construe as the dollar dictates. We can remember the battle in the United States Senate over the sugar differential; and all men know that the government has been "held up" for years, to the tune of ten millions annually, by the railroad combine in the transportation of mail matter, and that every effort to stop it has been futile. Laws in the past have not stood against the pressure of even a few millions; from now on they will lie prostrate before the billions.

When the trusts get perfected, and they are rapidly being perfected, they will not notice what laws are passed in our legislative halls, or feel any anxiety about them. The earth will be theirs and the fullness thereof. Indeed, these giant aggregations care as little now for our laws and ordinances as Gulliver for the threads and twine of Lilliput. The law-tinkers may patch and piece, but these combinations will rule as by divine right, the right of superior organic life—the right that makes the plant world tributary to the animal, and the animal to the human. It is the law of nature. These mighty combines succeed by their inherent principle of association which is elemental, and in accordance with which they have grouped themselves. This regnant force in industry and commerce cannot be legislated away. It is as inevitable in its workings as the movement of the stars. Anti-trust penal laws are simple quackery. It is for the people to use this force for the common good and happiness, abolishing private ownership and operating all public utilities by the people and for the people. Private possession of natural resources is elementally destructive and immoral. No man or class has any greater right to the earth's resources than another. The earth is given by God to all men in common, and should only be owned and administered for the common good, with all the people as trustees, and with the principles of just and true democracy applied to the industrial harvest. Then wage-slavery and the servitude of the toiler will vanish with witchcraft, guillotines, hangmen, priests, politicians, paupers, bayonets and other monsters of the

night. For then it will be the morning of man, and the freedom of God will be here.

We are told by leaders—who never lead—that we must make a few more laws against monopolies. But the people are aware that the laws already made are not enforced and that it is as useless to legislate against these forces as to legislate against the birth of children! The trusts are an economic necessity, and they will grow and enlarge until they are owned by the whole people and operated for the public benefit. Growth is the law of life. Our ancestors once housed in caves and lived by cannibalism. We have left them behind, but no further than those who follow us shall mount beyond us. Human nature can no more stand still now than it could stand still when it was sharpening flints for arrowheads. When God breathed into man the breath of life and he became a living soul, He made it impossible that man should ever rest until the spiritual triumphs over the material, and the divine will is done on earth as in heaven. Divine blessings sometimes taste like medicine. So far from passing laws against the trusts for the federal courts to annul, it would be well if a trust could be hatched big enough to take in the whole earth, with all its land, water and air—along with the sun, planets and stars and every constellation and galaxy in the sky—for the deepest way in is now the quickest way out.

The foundations of the unbounded wealth deposited in nature belong to human nature. God never has given, nor will human law much longer dare to give, private title to this common property of mankind. The trees on the mountain side, the coal in its depths, the gold in its veins, the fertile crust at its feet are not there by creation of man, nor can they be rightfully held for the selfish use of a handful. So with the wealth already accumulated by the toil of the ages, and by the inventive faculty in the brain of man. Through the harsh tuition and discipline of the present time, we are to learn to utilize these forces for the benefit of all. The trust is the schoolmaster, by whose lessons we come into the sublime perception of the unity—the oneness of human life. This inspiration lifts us out of the narrow stream of self, into the bosom of that broader fortune, which leaves no human atom unprotected and unblessed.

Here are the deep undercurents of life that move steadily and quietly toward divine results. They move out of social selfishness and greed into equity and justice, out of the unjust and partial into the beneficent and universal. The surface currents may seem to be setting the other way, but those who think and feel are sure that the deep and silent drift of the century is toward spirit, toward justice, toward love.

"God made us all from common clay.
The earth to all he gave.
To one, 'Be lord!' He did not say;
To another, 'Be a slave!'"

Resolve.

To keep my health!
To do my work!
To live!
To see to it I grow and gain and give!
Never to look behind me for an hour!
To wait in weakness and to walk in power,
But always fronting forward to the light,
Always and always facing toward the right.
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray—
On, with what strength I have!
Back to the way!

—*Charlotte Perkins Stetson.*

The utopias of to-day are the utilities of to-morrow.

What you call vexatious interruptions may be God-given rests.

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Prepared by E. H. W.

V.

BARUCH.

MEMORY TEXT.

O Israel, how great is the house of God! and how large is the place of his possessions! great, and hath none end; high and unmeasurable.—III:24.

In the absence of Mr. Jones the class was led by Joseph Stolz, rabbi of Isaiah Temple.

The book of Baruch is composed of five chapters, said Dr. Stolz, and inasmuch as the Apocrypha is not very well known, it will perhaps be well for us to read it. He then read the book, with running comments, omitting the addendum, the "Epistle of Jeremy," which he said was no part of the book of Baruch.

The book naturally divides itself into three parts. The first part consists of the first fifteen verses of Chapter I.

It was customary in writing a book to give it a title of some great man of the past, and from this custom the book of Baruch received its name. It was written by an unknown author. The name means literally "the blessed one." Baruch was the private secretary of Jeremiah, one who wrote for him and with him, suffered with him and went into exile with him into Egypt. He is here represented as living at a time of which we have no historical record, and as writing in Babylon immediately after the destruction of the first temple, although all other records indicate that he had then gone to Egypt with Jeremiah. And Jerusalem is represented as if still existing, although we know that it had been destroyed.

The second part is the prose portion, continuing to the ninth verse of the third chapter, which is thought by some critics to have been written after the destruction of the second temple.

Here we find that whatever Israel does reflects upon God, that the world will judge their God by the way they conduct themselves. This carries a strong sense of individual responsibility. Every good deed sanctifies God's name; every bad deed profanes God's name. A very beautiful idea, which had a wonderful influence upon their conduct. And here we find the duality of man, the body and spirit separate. As we read the Apocrypha we find the idea of immortality much more emphasized than in the Old Testament, and here we find the duality of body and soul very clearly expressed.

We find here, too, the hopeful spirit that has always been characteristic of the people of Israel. They never gave up hope and a trust that they had been chosen for a special purpose.

This constitutes a distinct portion of the book and ends with a prayer. It is largely made up of quotations from the Old Testament, particularly from Deuteronomy. It is considered a beauty in Jewish style to make use of scriptural texts. Anyone who writes Hebrew to-day tries to express himself in biblical language. That is what we find here—the author tried to express himself in the language of the biblical books.

Next comes the third portion of the book, beginning with the ninth verse of the third chapter, continuing through to the end. This is poetry and is imbued with quite a different spirit. The people are in

exile; some great calamity has happened and the writer wants to give consolaton.

In the first part he says all their trouble came because of their sins; here he says the trouble came because they did not follow after wisdom, and he ends by saying in substance: "How happy are we that unto us has been entrusted this great treasure which we should be happy to preserve and teach unto others." All Hebrew literature ends with a word of consolation. No matter how violently the Jews prophesy disaster, they always end up with hope. And in the synagogue we follow that custom. So here the writer ends with a word of courage.

In this part of the book we find the "everlasting God" given more emphasis. Before God was spoken of as the God of the universe, the world. This is the hope he leaves with them; he tries to strengthen them and foretells that destruction will come to the enemy and that in the end the glory of Jerusalem will be as grand as foretold by the prophets—Jerusalem will become the center of the world.

You see how different this last portion is from the second part of the book. It has undoubtedly been very much influenced by Alexandrian thought, as you will see by the reference to "the house of God" and the calling God "the Everlasting One." In speaking of mythology and mentioning demons we see the influence of the Greek. The thought is the old Jewish thought and the writer comforts the people with the old comfort.

Now, the question is, when was this written? It does not seem as if it could have been written by Baruch, the scribe of Jeremiah, because the historical references are not accurate and because we find these references to Hellenistic thought; and it seems to me that someone who had written immediately after the destruction of the temple could not have written in such an objective way; he would have felt more keenly the suffering. It seems to have been written by some one very far off from that time. We have not the text in Hebrew at all and it is not known whether it was written in Hebrew or not. The oldest text we have is the Greek. The first part, however, sounds very much like Hebrew. One theory is that the second part was written in Hebrew, and the third part in Greek; that someone wrote an introduction to it and translated the second part, and that then the whole was translated into Greek. Another theory is that the whole was written in Greek, and they explain that by showing some Greek translations which are really Hebraisms. But that occurs very frequently in the Septuagint. Some think it was written a little after the time the Book of Daniel was written, after the time of the Maccabees. The latest theory is that it was written after the destruction of the second temple. Those who bring it into the second commonweath bring it into a time when the temple was standing. The book must be later than Daniel, because it contains quotations from Daniel, so it could not have been written immediately after the exile or before the second temple was destroyed. It seems to have been written at a time when Jerusalem was desolate and when the people needed comfort very much. It does not exactly fit into the time of the Maccabean revolt, it seems to me, because in those days the temple was desecrated and we do not find in this description the desolation of that time, and then it seems to be farther away. And so it seems to me the latest theory is the right one—that it was written after the destruction of the second temple by the Romans in the year 70 A. D.; that it refers to the Roman destruction of the temple; that the Jews had already been captured and scattered all over the Roman empire, and that this is a word of comfort to them: "Do not be afraid; do not give up your hope. God has made an everlasting covenant with Israel."

The Study Table.

Notes By E. P. Powell.

Those who have overlooked Talmadge's sermon on "The Angels" should get it, as one of the curiosities of the nineteenth century. It seems hardly possible that such inanity should find room any longer in the American press.

The "Lend-a-Hand Record" is brimful of good things. It gives an account of the celebration of the Declaration of Independence, which was held at Delft, in connection with the in-memoriam service in honor of Grotius. The soul of Edward Everett Hale is in it.

The "New England Magazine" for November gives us a very sympathetic view of political economy, and the American economists of to-day. It is accompanied with pictures of all the prominent teachers in that branch of science. There is also an article on "The Romance of Pioneering," by the writer of these notes.

The "Coming Age" for November is notable for an article by Dr. Osgood Mason on the "New Therapeutics." A Thanksgiving story by Mrs. Reifsneider is capital, and the article on "Turgot" by B. O. Flower should be thoroughly studied. Mr. Flower, while being a reformer, is also a cautious reformer, capable of looking at both sides of a question. I do not know what others will think of "The Man With the Hoe," written by the author of these notes.

A remarkable monograph lies on the table, from Professor Francis E. Nipher, professor of physics in Washington University, St. Louis. It is an address on "Evolution of the Divine Character in Man." It is a noble product everyway. He affirms that the Christian world has never stood closer to the Master than it has to-day. "To be perfect, as God is perfect, is to be an intellectual and moral prime mover, equipped with one's own machinery, vitalized, energized and made active by the fires of eternal truth."

I have called attention previously to the excellent qualities of "The School Journal," published in New York and Chicago. I wish to call especial attention to the number for October 28. It may not be appreciated by all that the really great questions of America to-day are not those of government or the church, but of education. We are now passing through the last stages of an experimental era, into a new age of educational reform. In this number of "The School Journal" some of the most vital questions are touched upon.

The Thanksgiving Proclamation by President McKinley, is, in my judgment, the best written and the most sensible that we have had since Abraham Lincoln. He says, and he says truly, that at last, after years of depression and semi-bankruptcy, "Liberal employment waits for the laborer. The national finances have been strengthened and public credit has been sustained and made permanent. In all branches of industry and trade there has been an unequaled degree of prosperity, while there has been a steady gain in the moral and educational growth of our national character."

I have already called attention to the remarkable work done in the "Century" in the way of biography. Nothing more brilliant has been done in that line by any American author than the "Life of Alexander The Great," by Benjamin Ide Wheeler. The "Life of Cromwell" is now to follow, from the pen of Professor

Morley. The opening chapter shows that it will be a magnificent piece of work. It is a good thing when a magazine establishes a distinctive character. The "Century" may now be called the magazine of great biographies. As such it is a success in the highest sense of the word.

The "Globe-Democrat" comes to us with an interview held with Professor Sayce, the great archæologist of Oxford, England, who says that the higher criticism is all wrong; that the old view of the Old Book is correct, and gives his reasons for such a belief —which, after all, seem to be only or mainly an opinion of his. But the interview is remarkably interesting. The same number of the "Globe-Democrat" gives us a picture and an account of the new Mohammedan mosque that is being built in London. Why not? Why should not the Orientalists undertake to convert the Occidentalists as well as be converted by them? However, we have had nearly enough of parading old, worn-out faiths as superior to Christianity. While we have abundance of liberality let us have also common sense. The teachings of Jesus are a good rifle's range ahead of all that we have got of late from the pundits out of India and elsewhere.

Among the papers which are laid upon the table is "The Conservator." It contains a good deal of brightness, but is given to jerkiness. Here is a sample: "Gabriel blows a noisy trumpet, but states will not submit to salvation. . . . Humbug states. Humbug men making states. Liberty with her cap doffed. Liberty on a batter. Liberty taking a day off. She slashes about fatefully. Skulls are then cracked. Woe to the Boer's skull now. Woe is it to the Filipino cranium. America has the Filipino. England has the Boer. . . . Three and one and one and three, holy-ghosting liberty, etc., etc., etc." Is this Whitman's influence? It is one more reason for fewer literary and social fads. Common sense is good enough for a while yet.

The "Brooklyn Eagle" gives an article from the pen of the United States Commissioner of Education, W. T. Harris. He aims to answer those who charge education with being a failure in suppressing crime. Mr. Harris says: "Counting the persons in jail, the quota of the illiterate is eight times as much as that of persons who can read and write. The prisons and jails of seventeen states report 110,538 prisoners. Of these 27,581, or 25 per cent., were illiterates. Four per cent. of the population being illiterate, furnish 25 per cent. of the criminals, and the 96 per cent. who can read and write furnish only 75 per cent. The illiterate therefore furnish more than six times their quota, while those who could read and write supply one-fifth less than their proper quota."

Prof. Earl Barnes, in a recent lecture on the "New Educational Movement in England," gives us this grand sentiment: "We, the teachers, are the new priesthood, the new church, the present leaders of civilization. England is profoundly suggestive from this point of view, for it has no educational theory; it has nothing which can be presented to a student to be packed away in his notebook." He regards "the social, political, ethical, religious, intellectual, esthetic and judicial factors as far more important in educational work than the grad-grind of a schoolroom." Mark that; we are coming to a new day in education: a determination not to stuff boys and girls, but to make noble men and women. Nor are we far off from the time when industrial education will stand far ahead of classical education.

A New Volume of History*

Mr. Rhodes' fourth volume fully sustains the interest and high character of the preceding three. Doubtless for many it will be more interesting than the others, because it covers the great years of the civil war, and, though there is no undue emphasis on battles and sieges, these necessarily come in for a large share of attention. Mr. Rhodes has a singularly judicial mind. With the most absolute conviction that the Union cause was just, that the war was fundamentally a war for slavery on the one side and for its destruction on the other, he is quick to acknowledge every personal nobility, so much so that his book has much of the eirenicon about it. Certainly no southerner can be displeased with the treatment of the southern generals or the rank and file. Were it not for the presence of Lincoln, General Lee could, with little or no exaggeration, be said to be the hero of the book, while at the same time his generalship is not regarded as infallible. There are intimations that Mr. Rhodes considers Grant the greater general, as proved by the event; but, unfortunately, his volume, ending with the second election of Lincoln, leaves Grant at the lowest ebb of his career, after the hard pounding of the Wilderness and the first repulses before Petersburg. Davis' principal generals were so much abler than Lincoln's in 1862, and the emphasis falls so naturally on the defeats of our own side, that one gets, perhaps, an undue sense of northern failure and mischance. But, on the whole, the balance is held very carefully.

Mr. Rhodes' arrangement of his matter is well intended to prevent skipping. He has no chapter headings and some of the chapters are extremely long and cover many different aspects of the military and political situation. Chapter XVII, the first in the volume, is 138 pages long. It might easily have been subdivided into chapters on McClellan's peninsular campaign, the Alabama episode, and Pope's Virginia campaign. Most melancholy is the succession of McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and the wonder is that we ever triumphed over such a succession of disasters. The treatment of McClellan is extremely kind. His skill in organization is not only conceded, but magnified. But he was always dilatory and disposed to exaggerate the enemy's strength. For his letter to Lincoln after the peninsular campaign he should have been stripped of his uniform. Burnside and Hooker lost their heads at Fredericksburg and Chancellorville as completely as if they had been shot off by the enemy's cannon. But with Burnside Mr. Rhodes is always passing kind, at the time of his monstrous failure when the Petersburg mine was fired drawing over him a veil of anonymity as "the general of division." Grant's Vicksburg campaign is one that stirs the blood, but his Wilderness campaign in Virginia, with its loss of 50,000 men, went far to ruin his prestige. It is Mr. Rhodes' pitiful persuasion that it also went far to ruin his character. Grant's retention of Butler at this time, for reasons that Mr. Rhodes cannot escape, is the most painful episode in this installment of his history.

Chapter XXII, a long one, deals exclusively with English and other foreign complications. It is interesting to see how fortunate we were in having no oceanic telegraph at that time. Mr. Seward's interference would doubtless have been fatal to Mr. Adams' diplomacy. Much attention is paid to the arbitrary arrests made during the war. Their number has been estimated at more than 30,000. Mr. Rhodes is confident that the business was entirely overdone. The development of emancipation measures is treated with ample fullness and sobriety. The radical anti-slavery

*"History of United States from Compromise of 1850." By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. IV, 1862-1864. Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York, 1899.

men do not figure so questionably as in Morse's life of Lincoln, while Lincoln himself looms up as grandly as in Mr. Morse's presentation. Not that all his words and actions were of an ideal perfection. His interference with his generals was sometimes unfortunate, but generally it was wise. He would have made a better general than any of them, except Grant. One does not think better of war as such after reading these chapters. The slaughter was appalling. Of corruption there was about as much as if the cause had been utterly bad. The running down of the quality of the soldiers as the war went on is a distressing page. One bounty jumper was convicted of having taken thirty-two bounties, deserting every time. If he is not now receiving a pension from the government some others are who played a similar part. Even more tragical than these things is Lincoln's waning strength in 1864, after his nomination. Farragut and Sherman made his re-election sure. Many preferred Fremont or Butler, the "wise Greeley," as Mr. Markham calls him, being one of these, and even John A. Andrew favoring his withdrawal. Somehow, in spite of all the follies and miscarriages and malefactions, the Union finally triumphed and slavery was destroyed, but for the climax, equally full of joy and sorrow, we must wait as patiently as possible for another volume from Mr. Rhodes' unhasting but unresting hand.

J. W. C.

Small Books on Great Themes.*

The attractive little volumes before us almost suggest the arrival of Christmas, except that they are superior in contents to the "booklets" which abound at that season. They are books which aim to revive truths overlaid and obscured in long periods of history. All but the last restore to us aspects of the personality and the religion of Jesus.

(1) Henry Drummond's charming essay relates the Messianic idea of Jesus to the spiritual values of modern social enthusiasms. Looking for the "large, human interests that commend Christ's religion to this great social age," we find the program of the Kingdom of God expressed in the great words of Liberty, Comfort, Beauty, Joy; not words that echo the traditional scheme of salvation, but such as sound the ideals of human life and progress. The beauty of Drummond's life shines on this little book, but Drummond's failure to discriminate past and present gives an impression of unreality. We seem to read a modern translation of the gospel rather than the original. This is regrettable as it is unnecessary. It is correct to argue that Christ's "care for humanity was the chief expression of His religion," but such an exposition is only successful and permanent when we have first definitely expressed the original historical values and then shown affiliations to the present tendency of religion. Not the substance, but the method of the essay is at fault, and the fault is partially redeemed by the sure instinct of an author whose aims were like those of Jesus.

(2) The "Charm of Jesus" is a happy title, although the original German title announces more definitely the human traits that attract us in Jesus. The book ought to accomplish a most useful mission in revealing the man of distinctive and superb personality to those whom traditional doctrine has given only a shadowy, supermundane unreality. One attractive phase of this presentation is the attention paid to a noble Hellenic aspect of the personality of Jesus. It comes to the just conclusion: "The choicest teaching about life in the gospels is closer to Hellenism than to Judaism." Such a book brings new treasure out of the Gospel store.

(3) The preceding are marked by interest and charm. Armstrong's "Back to Jesus" adds the gift of power. It would be difficult to find any more persuasive, more sympathetic and kindling statement of the religion of the historical Jesus. It would be difficult to find any more conclusive exhibition of the disparity of that religion and evangelical theology. The book hits the mark. In evangelical circles there is a movement, due to modern criticism, a movement from the creeds, from traditional conception, back to Jesus. Mr. Armstrong powerfully and graciously shows the destination of such a movement. Historical exactness has no complaint to make of his discussion, and the discussion glows with religious feeling. With admirable tact and insight he points out the religious value of evangelical doctrines, which have been added to the religion of Jesus, and shows that this value is given more richly and consistently in the original and simple preaching of the Divine Fatherhood. This is a book of books for use in postoffice missions.

(4) In some contrast to the foregoing, which deal with the origins of Christianity, is Wicksteed's stimulating and perhaps momentous contribution. It brings us to elements of later development in Christianity, grounded in the Greek philosophical apprehension of religion. This again is an appeal for the revival of that which has been obscured, but it is a revival of conceptions which did not find their typical expression in the Synoptic Gospels. Drummond turned to the Messianic idea because he was the exponent of "this great social age." Armstrong goes back to Jesus, because the liberal evangelicals need guidance thither. Wicksteed writes from an atmosphere in which the spirit and methods of the Middle Ages have renewed themselves. His own distinguished studies in Dante have helped him to understand and value this Anglican movement, and he adds a positive contribution of the most helpful sort to the inner spiritual drift of the Anglican revival. Mr. Wicksteed will have none of the mechanical compression of the modern spirit in the forms of mediævalism. He seeks rather the permanent and unexhausted ideals of mediæval religion and attempts to reconcile them with modern interests or to find in them a corrective of one-sided and superficial tendencies of to-day. The ideas selected are the conceptions of eternity, fruition, the vision of God, and the interest of the discussion is in the claim that the loss of these conceptions under the sway of the modern idea of progress has involved our spiritual life in a self-contradiction. The restoration of a goal gives meaning to progress. The book is one that will be read more than once for its richness and power and acuteness, and it has perhaps a significance which is not speedily to be estimated.

F. A. CHRISTIE.

*1. "The Programme of Christianity." By Henry Drummond, New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; pp. 32, cloth, 35 cents.

2. "The Charm of Jesus." By Gustav Zart. Translated by Walker Rauschenbusch. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.; pp. 64, cloth, 35 cents.

3. "Back to Jesus." By R. A. Armstrong. London: Philip Green, 5 Essex Street, Strand, W. C., 1899; pp. 100, 1 shilling.

4. "The Religion of Time and Eternity." By P. H. Wicksteed. London: Philip Green, 5 Essex Street, Strand, W. C., 1899; pp. 108, 1 shilling.

The Miracles of Missions.

The needlessly limited title of this little volume is likely to cause it to be overlooked by many whom it would help. It is a genuine addition to the sociological library. These concise accounts of transformations wrought in every variety of race, environment, and degree of moral debasement must strengthen the hands of every weary and disheartened worker for the uplifting of his fellowman. They are fresh evidences of the power of the divine love, when interpreted by a self-sacrificing human brotherhood, to raise the lowest and rescue the most base. In the interests of those who, in obscurity and discouragement, labor for social redemption, we wish this book a wide circulation.

G. R. P.

"The Miracles of Missions." (Third Series.) Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London. 12mo, pages 274. Illustrated. cloth, $1.00; paper, 35 cents.

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SUN.—The spirit of liberty seeks for duration and permanence.
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TUES.—There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded.
WED.—A sense of duty is omnipresent, like the Deity.
THURS.—God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.
FRI.—Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint.
SAT.—The spirit of liberty looks before and after, and, building on the experience of ages which are past, it labors diligently for the benefit of ages to come.

—*Daniel Webster.*

Under Sealed Orders.

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbor bar;
As the moon was slowly rising
She faded from sight afar,
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery;
She was sailing under "sealed orders,"
To be opened out at sea.

So souls, cut off from moorings,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting under "sealed orders,"
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty
Through good and evil report,
They shall ride the storms out safely,
Be the passage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.

Selected.

The Sparrow and the Flying-fish.

OCEAN GROVE, SEPTEMBER 6.

There was a strange and fascinating battle between a flying fish and a cock sparrow off the fishing pier here last evening. The novel fight was witnessed by Assistant City Clerk H. B. Salter and several other well-known politicians of Trenton, who were angling off the pier, and they describe it vividly.

The battle was short and fierce and resulted in the death of a sparrow whose strange abode on the pier and whose friendly relations with the fishermen had afforded the idle cottagers of the Grove considerable food for discussion during the season.

All summer frequenters of the fishing pier have watched with interest a pair of the despised English sparrows who apparently had a fascination for the rolling, rollicking ocean. The pier extends probably 250 feet into the ocean and is built upon piling. The seething, dashing, rolling waves of the ocean splash unceasingly against the pier, very often the water being forced between the boards, wetting the feet of the patient fishermen. But, notwithstanding this, the sparrows, early this spring, built their nest beneath the floor of the pier in a nook at the top of one of the pieces of piling.

During the day the cock sparrow would leave the nest, and, hopping about the baskets of the cottager fishermen, would help himself to a piece of whatever was being used for bait and disappear beneath the pier. To the "regulars" on the pier he became a steady caller.

Every morning at 6 o'clock the cock sparrow would present himself to the first angler to appear and he would hop upon the bait basket as if he had a mortgage upon its contents. After eating his fill the cock sparrow would disappear with food for his mate and little ones beneath the pier. The sparrows became known to the cottagers who frequented the pier, and so friendly did the birds become they would accept food from the hands of the children.

On more than one occasion the sparrows were driven from their nest by the rolling waves, and on particularly stormy days the birds would spend the day under one of the benches on the pier, between the fishermen's feet, but they never, apparently, ventured in as far as land.

Early yesterday evening the cock sparrow was flitting about as usual, while the anglers were busy baiting their hooks. Suddenly a bug went buzzing by across the breakers. The cock sparrow darted after the bug. Just as the sparrow darted from the pier a sea robin, or flying fish, jumped from the water and went sailing through the air, evidently bent upon capturing the same morsel of food the sparrow had determined upon—the bug.

Like a flash the cock sparrow changed his course and went for the flying fish. At the attack the fish turned several somersets in the air and suddenly seized the sparrow. Then the fish darted toward the water with the bird.

For the moment the onlookers expected the sparrow to be carried under the water, but in another instant the sparrow and flying fish had changed their course and were again well up in the air, and, fighting fiercely, were flying toward the pier. Meanwhile the sparrow was screeching and all the while pecking the fish as it sailed on through the air. Now the bird appeared to be beneath the fish, and again forcing it up in the air; now it appeared to be struggling and falling, but the sparrow never ceased to peck at the flying fish.

Suddenly the cock sparrow gave a loud screech and the fish was seen to make several somersets similar to those it made when first attacked. The next instant the sparrow closed its wings and fell into the ocean, dead. The sea robin disappeared beneath the water. The bug escaped.

Several interested fishermen followed the cock sparrow along the pier as it was washed ashore, and when picked up a stab wound was seen directly beneath the left wing, which probably penetrated the heart. Old fishermen say the sea-robin can and will fight better in midair than in the water, and they declared that the wound under the sparrow's wing was made by the fish's sword or forward fin.—*Sun.*

A Child's Answer.

Maj. Ford H. Rogers tells an amusing anecdote of the late Gen. Clinton B. Fisk. The general was addressing a Sunday-school convention. One of the speakers had reminded the children that it was Washington's birthday.

"Children," said General Fisk, "you all know that Washington was a general. Perhaps you know that I am also a general. Now can anyone tell what was the difference between General Washington and myself?"

"I know, sir," piped a small boy in the back part of the room.

"Well, what was the difference?" said General Fisk, smiling at the lad's eagerness.

"George Washington couldn't tell a lie, sir," cried the boy in exultant tones. Shouts of laughter followed, in which the general joined heartily.—*Detroit News.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Boston.—The Second Church has recently celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. Rev. Thomas Van Ness, the pastor, opening the series of meetings with an historical sermon, President Eliot of Harvard, Governor Wolcott, Edward Everett Hale and Professor Peabody gave addresses on "The Influence of the Second Church in America." This is the church that will be enshrined in history as the one over which Ralph Waldo Emerson presided for three years, and which he left regretfully because of his inability to administer the eucharist as then understood and interpreted by even a Unitarian church.

Mapleton, Ia.—Mary E. Colson, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Cherokee, recently preached at the Methodist Church of this place. All parties concerned found a spirit of fellowship that must have been as delightful as it was surprising on both sides of the "line." That is the old word that has little significance to-day. Where is the "line" that separates honest people, honest seekers, patient toilers for the better things, for are they not all travelers? Let him hesitate who would claim to be in the advance in the journey to the city of light, which is not a city of Unitarian or Trinitarian thought, not even a city of liberal thinking, but a city of godly lives, liberal living and high thinking.

St. Louis.—Rev. J. W. Day is to be installed as the pastor of the Church of the Messiah on Thanksgiving Day. The old pastor, John Snyder, is to return to the festival. The Rev. W. G. Eliot of Milwaukee, grandson and namesake of the founder of the church, is to take part.

* * * The Ethical Society of this city is directing work in two self-culture halls, where 175 men and 245 women are enrolled for class work. There are bath privileges at the north side of the hall, where there are an average of thirteen baths a day. This hall also has a playground for boys. One hundred girls are depositors in the Penny Savings Bank. Altogether, these two centers reach in the neighborhood of 30,000 in a season. What are the churches doing in this direction? Does the minister tremble for the spirituality of his congregation; should he call for their sympathy in this kind of work?

Chicago.—The annual Thanksgiving Service will be held on Thanksgiving Day at McVickers' Theater, beginning at 11 a. m. All churches and preachers who are not otherwise engaged are invited to join, without regard to name or sect. The service will be in the charge of Dr. H. W. Thomas, pastor of the People's Church. The sermon will be preached by Dr. E. G. Hirsch of Sinai Congregation. The collection will be devoted to the non-sectarian charity of the city.

* * * Edwin Markham is to lecture at the Central Music Hall on Saturday evening, December 2, on "The Man and the Hoe."

* * * The Religious Fellowship League held an interesting meeting last Monday at the South Side Woman's Club. Dr. Thomas gave the opening address on "Immortality." Jenkin Lloyd Jones was one of the speakers. There was a large attendance of ladies and three gentlemen. May men increase, and the women never grow less. This society is to give on Monday, December 4, an interesting banquet in the Woman's Club, where men and women will sit down together, as they ought, in the interest of Unity.

Chicago.—T. B. Gregory has voluntarily surrendered his fellowship with the Universalist denomination and launched upon an independent movement. The Temple Congregation, as it is to be called, is to meet in the Grand Opera House, in the center of the city. Mr. Gregory is a free lance. He is a gifted speaker, earnest and honest, and there is always room for more work at the heart of the city of Chicago. Organized religion must win its way back to its lost territory, but Chicago has little material to offer to the permanent support of iconoclastic work, and we regret that some of the earlier notes of our friend and brother seem to indicate that he feels himself at the head of an assaulting column, moving upon church fortifications, rather than an inspirer, director and leader of a band of cultivators, who are settling down to grow the graces that belong to culture, ethics and religion. As time goes on, the martial spirit, we trust, will fall off and the spirit of the cultivator and the seed sower will take its place.

Field Notes of the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference.—The wanderings of the secretary during the past month have taken him over a wide range of territory. He has attended successful sessions of the state conferences of Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, and is to leave Chicago early Monday morning for the last conference of the season, namely, the session of the Central States conference at Dr. Thayer's church at Cincinnati. This will be held November 20 and 21. By the recent action of the Wisconsin conference, that state will be represented hereafter in the Missionary Council. The first representative is Rev. C. F. Niles of Menomonie. The secretary's preaching engagements for November have been at Quincy, Unity Church, St. Louis, Madison and Alton. On November 9 he attended the annual banquet and church meeting at the Church of Good Will at Streator. More than two hundred people sat down at the tables, and, at the close of the repast, listened to the encouraging reports from the officers of the society. A most interesting work has been accomplished at Streator by Mr. Backus during the last two years. On November 30 the secretary is to give the charge to the minister at the installation of Rev. J. W. Day at the Church of the Messiah in St. Louis. Others who are to take part in the service are Rev. John Snyder, Rev. W. G. Eliot, Jr., of Milwaukee and Rev. George W. Stone of Kansas City. This meeting will be held on Thanksgiving Day, the anniversary of the installation for Dr. Eliot. Our cause in the West is strengthened by Rev. Minot O. Simons of Billerica, Mass., who is soon to take up the work at Cleveland, and by the advent of Rev. W. S. Vail at Sioux City, Ia. The vacancy at Lawrence, consequent upon the retirement of Dr. Cone, was promptly filled by the call of Rev. F. M. Bennett of Keokuk; and now word has come from Unity Church, Chicago, that a unanimous call has been extended to Paul R. Frothingham of New Bedford, Mass. J. C. S.

Books Received.

"Behind the Veil." Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

Small, Maynard & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.:

"The Territorial Acquisitions of the United States." An Historical Review, by Edward Bicknell. 50 cents.

"The Surface of Things." By Charles Waldstein. $1.25.

"Northland Lyrics." By William Carmen Roberts, Theodore Roberts and Elizabeth Roberts Macdonald. Selected and arranged, with a prologue by Charles G. D. Roberts and an epilogue by Bliss Carman. $1.50.

"A Dividend to Labor; a Study of Employers' Welfare Institutions." By Nicholas Paine Gillman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston and New York. $1.50.

"Hindu Wedding Bells and Taj Mahal." By Alice B. Stockham, M. D.

"Food of the Orient and Artistic Living." By Alice B. Stockham, M. D.

"Lend a Hand Calendar 1900." Twelve fine half-tones of Edward Everett Hale, with extracts from his writings. Price, 75 cents.

James H. West & Co.: "The Little Heroes of Matanzas." By Mary B. Carret. 50 cents.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them." By Alice L. Williams. 15 cents.

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From Cedar Rapids, Iowa:

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From Manchester, N. H.:

"I find myself much interested in the lectures on the history of the Bible, and having read the third one write to ask you to put aside for me copies of Unity containing them until such date as I shall remit their price. If I could have had these lectures sixty or seventy years ago they would have saved some hard thinking."

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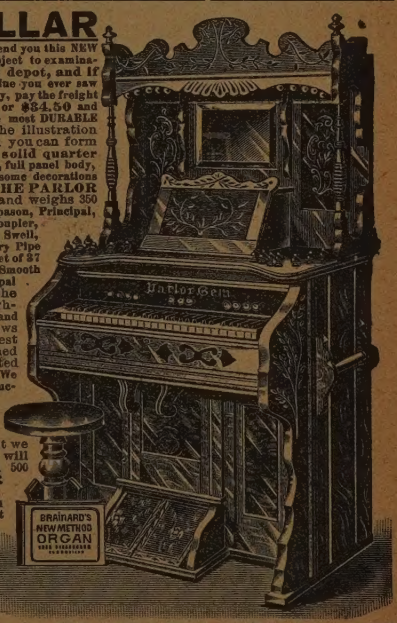

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